

and he'll wear them as fits his fancy
then throw them back.
Last night, while into the middle
of a song
somebody tossed one up
and Willie still singing gauged the toss
made it to the end of a verse stretching
his arm a bit
and then made a quick side-step,
caught the hat and jumped back to the mike
just in time to pick up the lyric
without missing a beat.
The crowd loved it
and he put it on smiling —
a big old white brimmed riverboat cardshark hat.

THE WAY IT GOES

the ancient Natufians
of 8,000 years ago
lived in the wooded hills of Israel

an agricultural
neolithic society
of about 2,000

made plaster
for their floors and walls
from mined black limestone & coal
baked long & hot with wood
till white & granulated

cooled &
mixed with water
for application.

this they did until there were
no more trees

no more wood to cook their limestone

the big bones of wild sheep & feral cattle
disappear too.

men who dig these things up
begin to find mud floors and smaller bones
of domesticated animals

these later Natufians
probably blamed it on the Gods
and left the bare rocky treeless hills
to find further development possibilities

there are still no trees there

only a freeway driving through
their ancient village.

11 AUGUST 1989

shopping baskets
from the supermarket
litter the neighborhood

28 AUGUST 1989

ah! boiled coffee
to start off the day

WHEN THE WOLF IS BITING AT THE LACE CURTAINS

— for Tom Albach

he's been biting now, Tom,
been biting for quite some time
but it's hard to starve in America these days
plenty of food, grudgingly handed out yes, but ...
one has to be perty stupid to die of hunger in the
U.S. of A. anymore
i eat mostly beans, pinto beans, Tom, potatoes,
pull up a few mustard greens and steam them, dig up the
verde lagas and butter-steam them in a short pan, cut
down the fresh leaves of the nopale cactus and
with lemon keep them in a pan for awhile too

the wolf ain't a wolf, even tho he's there, he's a
coyote, Tom,
the trickster of the Western Desert, the comical joker
who'll steal you blind and laugh while you die —
I know you've sat around
with dope-smoking Injuns, so know you know about Coyote

this food, Tom, not only does Coyote not like it,
it keeps the buzzards and the man with the sythe away —
that man with the sythe wears a Coyote mask and bends down
in our sleep for our last words ...
spit in his face Tom,
tho Coyote will laugh, the Scythe Man standing at his side,
both laughing,
spit.

— Mark Weber

Salt Lake City UT